

Dayna Brons

Victim Impact Statement of Carol Brons  
mother of Dayna Brons.

①

File # 2018-446743

I am trying to put my thoughts and feelings together nine months to the day after we had to say goodbye to our Brown-Eyed Girl, Dayna Marie Brons. I am Carol Brons, mother of Dayna Brons, the only girl on the bus. Dayna succumbed to her injuries five days after the accident on Wednesday, April 11, 2018.

I remember the <sup>day</sup> Dayna was born very vividly, just as the day of her death will be as vividly etched on my heart and brain. The surprise of seeing Dayna's full head of dark hair and dark eyes for the first time is overshadowed by the shock that I will never see those beautiful brown eyes <sup>again</sup>. This still haunts me and causes enormous pain.

Dayna is the third ~~child~~ of my four children and was born on May 21, 1993. Dayna was generally a happy child but she

②

also did most things with determination.

Although Dayna was determined, she ~~did not~~ usually had a smile or at least a smirk on her face. Tears didn't fall easily from Dayna's eyes, but I believe I saw a tear fall as she took her last breath.

Dayna worked hard to achieve her goals and was proud of her accomplishments but Dayna did not seek the spotlight. Dayna took her job seriously, whether it was sports, waiting tables or as an Athletic Therapist. Dayna had her "game" face as well as her relaxed face. There are several pictures of ~~Day~~ Dayna on the bench where she is intent or focused on the action or her players. There are hundreds more <sup>Pictures</sup> of Dayna's beautiful ~~smile~~ smile that reaches her eyes. I'll always miss <sup>Dayna's</sup> ~~that~~ smile.

Dayna was fairly quiet but she also

③

enjoyed life - from sports, band and dance to watching movies with family and friends. Dayna was up for almost anything, as long as it involved ice cream. Dayna was resilient - from receiving 5 ~~stitch~~ stitches on her forehead on her 5<sup>th</sup> birthday to re-doing a portion of her Certification exam to become a Certified Athletic Therapist - a title she never got to enjoy.

Becoming a Certified Athletic Therapist was going to be a start of her professional goals. Working for the Humboldt Broncos in the winter and the Saskatchewan SWAT Lacrosse teams in the summer was just starting to lead to other possibilities. Dayna's work ethic was noted by many - coaches and teachers and professors, ~~the~~ classmates and supervisors as well as employers and potential employers. Dayna was able to maintain a friendship with

the players while being a big-sister figure to most of them. I have heard numerous stories from former classmates and team mates, employers, teachers and instructors and players about how much Dayna cared, how hard she worked and how great Dayna was at her job.

But more importantly, Dayna was caring and compassionate; she truly cared about people of all ages. Some of the stories I heard were stories were about Dayna's interest in others.

A ~~S~~ store clerk where Dayna picked up equipment told me Dayna always took the time to ask about her sons who played hockey. If Dayna saw the boys at the rink, she would stop to talk to them ~~and ask about their~~ I was also told ~~a~~ how the door to the trainer's room was always open to even the youngest players who might need a new skate lace or hockey helmet clip. What 24 yr old does

that, Dayna did that.

~~Dayna didn't~~  
Dayna cared about the players she worked with but didn't talk about her job much. She made sure ~~the~~ the players received the treatment they needed. Every family told us Dayna was the reason their son got back to playing as quick as they did after an injury.

Dayna was especially patient with young children and her grandparents. She was always willing to visit her grandparents and listen to their stories. Dayna was willing to help me when she could, ~~when~~ as a pre-school child, Dayna liked to help wash the floor and as she grew up Dayna would help plant the garden and ~~start~~ cook meals. Like her siblings, Dayna was expected to help on the farm. Dayna was proud she could drive a standard stick shift ~~car~~ and a combine. I couldn't bring myself to plant a garden the past year because

(6)

Dayna usually helped me. I had difficulty decorating for Christmas because Dayna was always there to help.

Walking in to the rink in Humboldt is still hard.

Our season tickets ~~are~~ is above the opposition's players' bench.

Dayna would stand on the Bronco team bench and glance over her right shoulder to check if we were at the game.

Dayna never commented if we weren't at the game, but

she always looked for us. Now I get to see a banner with

the years of her birth and death. It is like a punch in the

gut everytime I see things like that <sup>we have yet to order a</sup> ~~It's another reminder~~

~~headstone-I~~  
~~this is REAL~~ don't know when I'll be ready, it makes it real.

One of Dayna's favourite things to do in the summer was to run through the rows of corn <sup>in the garden</sup>. Dayna's bright eyes sparkled with curiosity and laughter as she ran with out-stretched arms so her hands brushed the corn-stalks. I remember seeing Dayna do this <sup>during</sup> ~~was~~ the summer of 2017 - her last summer.

Everywhere I look memories pop into my head - memories of the kids playing on the swing, Dayna and her siblings using the swing cross-bars to swing from their hands or legs. Dayna had calluses on her hands as a child because she spent so much time on the monkey bars on the school play structure.

I have memories of Dayna talking in her sleep after an exciting day of Kindergarten. Memories of Dayna wearing dresses everywhere until Gr 1 because that is all she would wear. Memories of Dayna dancing in ~~her~~ the teapot costume I sewed for the dance club. Memories of Dayna going from a dance competition straight to a hockey game and not taking time to remove her makeup. Memories of Dayna playing all kinds of sports throughout the year - soccer, basketball, track + field, fastpitch - only to start over a few weeks later. Dayna

8

did what she enjoyed - not what her friends were doing. Memories of her laughter the evening before the collision<sup>when</sup> - Dayna and her younger brother were laughing hysterically in the basement about Mario Kart. Memories of Dayna's disbelief that none of the Bronco players thought Pocohontas could possibly be the best movie ever. Now these memories are all I have - Dayna will not get to achieve all of her goals. Dayna will not get to have a family with beautiful brown eyes.

The evening of the accident was the beginning of a nightmare or horror movie that won't stop. Dayna's death has created a huge hole in my life! The death of a child is one of the ~~the~~ hardest things to overcome. We were informed of the accident by a text from a co-worker who is also a billet parent. We were not planning to attend the game. We did realize immediately.

(9)

ness of the accident. We decided to drive toward Nipawin about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hrs away thinking it would be minor but it wasn't long before we realized this was more than a fender-bender. Thankfully we never got to the accident scene but were directed to Tisdale Hospital. We were still unaware that a small amount of details were started to be released. We informed our other children about the accident but wanted to know the seriousness before contacting Dayna's partner. First responders & the hospital + medical staff at Tisdale Hospital ~~do~~ did a remarkable job to keep Dayna alive for us to see her briefly before transporting her to Royal University Hospital by

STARS. All I remember from the time at Tisdale was the relief that she had survived the collision but seeing Dayna's black eyes and hearing the words head injury, broken bones, intubation, critical condition nearly took my breath away. As we left Tisdale to hurry to RUH in Saskatoon all

(10)

I could think of was - will Dayna survive & to get to Saskatoon? How do I tell her Partner? Her siblings? My 92 year old mother? The drive to Saskatoon seemed to take forever, and once we arrived at RUH, the nightmare just continued \* 10A

Dealing with the constant pressure of making decisions, and keeping everyone informed while trying to maintain some privacy was unimaginable. I know my grief has changed my life, into something almost unrecognizable. The stress of trying to make all the correct decisions and keep everyone together has caused me to become indecisive, angry, unfocused and anxious. I am having so ~~my~~ much difficulty taking care of personal and business decisions that things as small as opening the mail has become stressful. I am not able to work right now because the stress of dealing with details while trying to do my job was too much. I have panic attacks trying to decide where to

One of the few personal belongings we were given by the hospital was this necklace. The necklace my  
I gave Dayna for her birthday several years earlier.  
Dayna ~~wore it~~ rarely wore any other necklace,  
she was wearing it on April 6, 2018. I haven't  
taken it out of the Bio Hazard bag - not because  
it is dirty but because it has several of Dayna's  
hairs still entangled in it.

(11)

hang a picture I don't remember the last time I had a full night's sleep. I have to turn away if the news is showing pictures or a re-enactment of the collision. I try not to allow myself to think about the ~~the~~ last seconds before the collision. Did Dayna see the truck? Did she cry out in fear and pain? Was <sup>Dayna</sup> ~~she~~ unconscious the whole time or was she aware when we were with her? Did she say I love you one last time?

The days we spent in the hospital were surreal. The number of people who wanted to be present to offer support was more than anyone can imagine. Dayna's injuries were extensive with the head injury the most serious. The media and public interest continues to be overwhelming. While Dayna was in hospital we wanted to protect her privacy but in the end we had to ~~we~~ make a media release. Who has to do that? Who has to deal with public relations to draft a media release to announce your daughter's

death? Who has to plan a funeral in a skating rink?

\* 12 A

We had to have a closed casket because Dayna did not look anything like herself. The fluid + blood buildup in her skull and made her head swell.

Her eyes were blackened and swollen nearly completely closed. Bruising and broken bones meant there

were not many places Dayna could be touched. All

I wanted to do was pick Dayna up and hold her

while she took her last breath. The best I could

do was hold her hand, watch + listen until the end.

Incredibly Dayna continued to breath on her own

and her heart continued to beat for about a half

hour after being taken off life support. Unfortunately  
~~we were unable to gift anyone with~~

Dayna was living at home with my husband,

Lyle, and myself while she worked with the Broncos.

Having Dayna in our home again helped alleviate

some of the quiet and isolation of living on a farm.

Now we don't have that bit of excitement and  
the quiet can be deafening.

12A

so we had to plan a private funeral in our small  
parish church the evening before the public service.  
This ~~was~~ ~~is~~ private funeral of 400+ people was in  
the church where we thought we would be celebrating  
Dayna's ~~funeral~~ wedding, where we thought we would  
be walking her down the aisle to greet her happy  
loving groom. We did walk Dayna down the aisle  
but instead of a white dress, Dayna wore a beanie  
to cover her shaven, lacerated head & a scarf to cover her  
bruised neck. Yes we did walk her down the aisle,  
but we weren't escorting a bride - we were escorting  
a casket.

# Victim Impact Statement of Lyle Brons for the death of Dayna Brons (daughter)

File number: 2018-446743

Dayns Brons was my daughter, age 24. From a very young age she was active in sports, including hockey, which she played on boys teams due to a lack of girls teams in the area. Often she was the only girl on the team. She also played fastball, basketball and soccer as well as being involved in dance and playing saxophone in the school band. She had a smile that could light up a room, and coaches and co-workers often commented that she had a great attitude. Her love for sports lead her to get her degree in kinesiology at the University of Regina and her certificate in athletic therapy at Mount Royal University in Calgary. After completing the AT program in 2016, she took a job under the mentorship of Neil Demmons working with the Saskatoon Swat lacrosse team. She also worked at the Saskatchewan Roughrider's training camp that spring. Later that summer when Darcy Haugan asked Mr. Demmons if he could recommend someone for athletic therapist and equipment manager for the Humboldt Broncos, he immediately gave him Dayna's name. After a short meeting between Dayna and the broncos coaching staff, she was offered a two year contract, which she accepted.

When the Broncos training camp started, she moved in with my wife Carol and I as we are only a 20 minute drive to Humboldt. I have been attending Bronco games for almost as long as I can remember, first with my dad as a child and eventually becoming a season ticket holder in recent years. Dayna and our other 3 children often attended games with me when they were growing up. I loved watching Dayna on the bench working with the team that I have been watching most of my life. It was also nice having her come home and talk to her about the game. She loved her job but I didn't realize the impact she had on the team until after she passed away. Since then parents of the players, from the Broncos and the Swat, have told me how good she was at treating their

son's injuries, sometimes getting them back into the game sooner than expected. She even helped a referee once with a sore shoulder. She was always ready to help people.

Dayna had a bright future in her career as an athletic therapist. After 2 seasons with both the Swat and the Broncos, she seemed to have built a very good reputation for herself professionally. It seems she was well known in AT community. She often joked about working for the Saskatchewan Roughrider's in the future, and when she passed away, the Roughrider athletic therapists and many of the players remembered her for her talent and work ethic from the 2016 training camp. I will never be able to see how far she would have gone in her career. Nor will I see the children she talked about having. She will not be at our family gatherings on holidays or camping or weddings or when her nieces or nephews are born. She is and always will be missed deeply.

I was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis in 2013. Since then my mobility has been affected to the point that I had to quit farming in 2015. Through therapy I was able to improve my mobility to the point where I was hoping to be able to work again with further improvement. I was able to help a friend with seeding and harvest by operating machinery, however I was not able to any physical work, especially involving standing or walking. After Dayna passed away all the gains that I made were gone, headaches and fatigue got worse and I was not able to help my friend last year. I had earned some income in the previous 3 years but not in 2018.

I have never been good at expressing how I feel or what I think. For the last 9 months I have been emotionally numb for much of the time. My physical pain from MS is sometimes a distraction from the emotional pain of losing Dayna and having a son that has not talked to me or my wife for the last six months. Dayna's death is a contributing factor to the problems with my son. The days run together from one to the next and mostly not productive. Nights are sometimes sleepless and rarely restful. Mr. Sidhu's guilty plea and show of remorse has made things somewhat easier recently.

As I sit here reviewing my VIS this evening before it is to be read in court, there is so much more I wish I would have written about Dayna. I hope that I can at least have this much included.

Dayna was a hard working fun loving woman that brought love and caring and happiness to the people around her. I believe that Dayna would want her family to live out their lives in peace and happiness as she lived hers until her death. I feel that the only way for me to achieve this is through forgiveness. I don't know if I have completely forgiven Mr. Sidhu yet but I know that eventually I will. I pray that everyone affected by this tragedy including Mr. Sidhu will somehow find peace in and happiness in their lives.